The *Popes* pittiful Lamentation, *for the death of his* deere darling Don Ioan of Austria: and Deaths aunswer to the same. With an Epitaphe vpon the death of the said Don Ioan.

Translated after the French printed coppy. by H. C.

¶ The *Popes* Lamentation.

O Heauen, O Earth, O Elaments,
and all therein containde,
Lament with me, powre forth your
iust cause hath so cõstraind, (plaints
Sith cursed Death, in cruel wise,
hath reft me my delight:
Don Ioan of Austria, he that sought,
by all the meanes he might,
To saue my church & me from harme,
to strengthen my estate,
And with his power, to punish those
that did my doings hate.

Mine eyes sende forth, your brinish
more cause you neuer had: (teares,
Since he is dead, whose douty deedes
erst made my hart ful glad.
Howlet my Halles be hangd about,
with mestfull morning weed:
For pleasãt things, procure my paine,
delights my dole doe breede.
Come, come, my carefull Cardnalles
my Prelates and the rest: (now,
That wonted were to wish me well,
I pray ye all be prest.
To waile with woe, the want of him,
that during tearme of life:
Neglected nought that might bee
to make our glory rife. (wrought
Alas how am I gript with grefe,
what cares do compasse me:
For losse of him, whom I ordainde,
my Champion cheefe to be,
To fight with those þ were my foes,
whom I had handled so,
That he beleeude I was a God,
aswell as many moe,

That

That with my charmes I did inchaũt
to finde his like againe
In all the world, who so should seeke,
would labour loose in vaine.
And for this cause I called him,
to state of hye degree:
Prouoking him to that which should
for my preferment bee.
Ful wel my couenaũts could he keepe
my lawes and statutes large,
My Buls, & pardons, pleaded him wel
they weare his cheefest charge.
And therfore Death, I curse thee now
and eke thy cruel dart:
Which did to that renowned Prince,
thy prolonged power impart.
These Huguenots thou mightest haue
to pacifye thine yre, (hitte,
And let this worthy wight alone,
to further my deyre.
Thou hast not onely striken him,
but diuerse more beside:
As by thy deadly Darte appeares,
that in their blood was dide.

Thy furious force from me remoouc,
and straight thy strength extend
Vppon a Prince whose name I hate,
at him thy battry bende.
So shall my sorrow somewhat cease,
but greater griefes will growe,
If thus thou seeke gainst me and mine
thy rigorous rage to show.

FINIS.

¶ *Deathes* aunswer.

CVrse me as much, as care thou can,
I waye it nought at all:
Each earthly Wight I can constraine,
to come when I doo call.
The seruaunt of the liuing Lorde
I am and must obaye
His heauenly hests, who he commaūds
I must without delaye

Depriue

Depriue of life, my pearsinge Darte
must execute his will
On all that bide within my bounds,
not one can scape by skill.
Both Princes, Lords & lofty Peeres,
I quickly can constraine
To follow me, and quite forgoe
their goodly gorgious traine.
Thy selfe that saist thou art a God,
to blinde and bleare mens eyes,
Shalt passe the path that others doe,
no meanes thou maist deuise.
To shonne the snare, but with the rest
thou must my rigoure taste:
If I intende to touch thee once,
thy wailefull wordes are wast.
Though frantick fooles thy court fre-
from contryes far & neere: (quent
And honour thee as God on earth,
to make thy pompe appeare:
Whereby they robbe the liuing Lord,
of all his honor quight:
I'le pul thee from thy princely throne,
and maister thee by might.

Thy treasures nor thy tripple crowne
thy Iems and Iewels rare,
Cannot corrupt me so, as I
thy cursed corpes will spare.
When I shal call thee from thy pompe
that pampreth thee in pride,
Then shall I laugh to see thee lothe,
my doleful doome to bide:
For so my common custome is,
when with my deadly datte
I strike those wightes, that one the (world
haue wholy set theyr hart.
Alas sayth one, a stately howse,
replenished with ritches rare,
A dainty dame, whose deere delights,
can comfort all my care,
And store of goodly ground I haue,
well growen with grasse and graine
Faire flocks of sheep, a feeding beasts,
with all that may maintaine
A happy life: yet must I dye,
and leaue them all behinde:
O heauy happe, what greater greefe,
might euer grype my minde.

Another

Another saith, I haue a wife,
whose beawty doth surmount: (gifts
Faire children straught with natures
which makes my ioyes to mount,
Aboue the clowds: and therewithall
such gubbes of golde I haue,
with plate & precious stones such store
as hart can wish or craue:
Yet nothing may my raunsome paye.
nor me from death redeeme,
He reaks not ritches, euery one
he doth alike esteeme.
Poore people are not found so fond,
my furious force to flye
No meanes they seeke, but when I
they gladly graunt to dye. (strike,
And therefore had I rather farre,
the richer sort assaile:
That I my selfe might merry meke,
to see them weepe and waile.

FINIS.

¶ *Don Foans* Epitaph.

DOn Ioan of Auſtria heere entomb'd doth lye,
that was the worthy warriour willō nam'd
Who prowdly did of late, his power applye,
the fatall toyle of Flaunders to haue fram'd.

Of ſtomack ſtoute, and hawghty hart he was,
and made his vaunt the Emperors ſonne to bee:
But yet the thing, he thought to bringe to paſſe,
the liuing Lord hath fruſtrate made wee ſee.

The fyrſt of October. 1578.

L'acquis abonde.

FINIS.

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